JUNO - EXT. CENTENNIAL LANE - DUSK JUNO MacGUFF stands on a placid street in a nondescript subdivision, facing the curb. It's FALL. Juno is sixteen years old, an artfully bedraggled burnout kid. She winces and shields her eyes from the glare of the sun. The object of her rapt attention is a battered living room set, abandoned curbside by its former owners. There is a fetid-looking leather recliner, a chrome-edged coffee table, and a tasteless latchhooked rug featuring a roaring tiger. JUNO V.O. It started with a chair. INT. BLEEKER HOUSE - MOLD-O'-RIFFIC BASEMENT- NIGHT FLASHBACK - Juno approaches a boy hidden by shadow. He's sitting in an overstuffed chair. She slowly, clumsily lowers herself onto his lap. A 60's Brazilian track plays from a vintage record player. WHISPERED VOICE Do you know how long I've wanted this? JUNO Yeah. WHISPERED VOICE Wizard. EXT. CENTENNIAL LANE - A DOG barks, jarring Juno back to reality. JUNO Quiet, Banana. Hey, shut your gob for a second, okay? We see a teacup poodle tethered in the yard a few feet away from the abandoned living room set. The dog yaps again. JUNO (V.O.) This is the most magnificent discarded living room set I've ever seen. She swigs from an absurdly oversized carton of juice and wipes her mouth with the back of her hand. BEGIN ANIMATED TITLE SEQUENCE: Juno marching down various street, pumping her arms like a jogger and chugging intermittently from the huge carton of juice. We watch her breathlessly navigate suburbia, clearly on a mission. EXT. DRUGSTORE - DAY Finally, a panting Juno arrives at DANCING ELK DRUG on the main drag of her small Minnesota suburb, Dancing Elk. The automatic doors of the store part to reveal Juno's flushed serious face. She carelessly flings the empty juice container over her shoulder and onto the curb. A group of DROPOUTS with skateboards near the entrance glare at her. She enters the DRUGSTORE. INT. DRUGSTORE - CONTINUOUS ROLLO, the eccentric drugstore clerk, sneers at Juno from behind the counter. He wears a polyester uniform vest. ROLLO Well, well. If it isn't MacGuff the Crime Dog! Back for another test? JUNO I think the last one was defective. The plus sign looked more like a division sign. Rollo regards her with intense skepticism. JUNO I remain unconvinced. Rollo pulls the bathroom key out of reach. ROLLO This is your third test today, Mama Bear. Your eggo is preggo, no doubt about it! An eavesdropping TOUGH GIRL wearing an oversized jacket and lots of makeup gapes at Juno from the beauty aisle.TOUGH GIRL Three times? Oh girl, you are way pregnant. It's easy to tell. Is your nipples real brown? A pile of stolen COSMETICS falls out of the girl's jacket and clatters to the floor. TOUGH GIRL Balls! Juno crosses and crosses her legs awkwardly, hopping. It's obvious she has to use the bathroom urgently. ROLLO Maybe you're having twins. Maybe your little boyfriend's got mutant sperms and he knocked you up twice! JUNO Silencio! I just drank my weight in Sunny D. and I have to go, pronto. Rollo signs and slips her the bathroom key. Juno races down one of the aisles. ROLLO Well, you know where the lavatory is. (Calling after her) You pay for that pee stick when you're done! Don't think it's yours just because you've marked it with your urine! JUNO Jesus, I didn't say it was. ROLLO Well, it's not. You're not a lion in a pride! (to himself) These kids, acting like lions with their unplanned pregnancies and their Sunny Delights. INT. DRUGSTORE - BATHROOM - DAY In the dim, reeking public bathroom, Juno hovers over the commode with her boxer shorts around her ankles. She clumsily tries to use the pregnancy test.We see the test box sitting on the sink. It's a TeenWave Discount Pregnancy Test. The accompanying outdated package photo is of a shrugging 80s teen with a resigned expression. The fine print on the box reads "From the makers of Sun-Glitz Lightening Hair Spritz!" INT. DRUGSTORE - FRONT COUNTER - DAY Juno holds the developing test in her hand and slaps the open test box on the front counter. Rollo scans it and bags it indifferently. JUNO Oh, and this too. She places a giant licorice Super Rope on the counter. ROLLO So what's the prognosis, Fertile Myrtle? Minus or plus? JUNO (examining stick) I don't know. It's not...seasoned yet. Wait. Huh. Yeah, there's that pink plus sign again. God, it's unholy. She shakes the stick desperately in an attempt to skew the results. Shake. Shake. Nothing. ROLLO That ain't no Etch-a-Sketch. This is one doodle that can't be undid, homeskillet. EXT. MACGUFF HOUSE - EVENING Juno walks slowly and dejectedly up the street to her house, gnawing on the Super Rope. She stops and loops the Super Rope over a low-hanging tree branch, contemplating how to fashion a noose. Juno trudges toward her HOUSE. The yard is a wild tangle of prairie grass and wild flowers.INT. MACGUFF HOUSE - JUNO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT Juno's BEDROOM is decorated with punk posters: The Damned, The Germs, the Stooges, Television, Richard Hell, etc. She picks up a hamburger-shaped phone to call her best friend, LEAH. INT. LEAH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT LEAH's room is cluttered with the sentimental junk that certain girls love to hoard. The PHONE rings. LEAH (answering phone) Yo-yo-yiggity-yo. JUNO I am a suicide risk. LEAH Is this Juno? JUNO No it's Morgan Freeman. Got any bones that need collecting? LEAH Only the one in my pants. JUNO (in low tones) Dude, I'm pregnant. LEAH Maybe it's just a food baby. Did you have a big lunch? JUNO It's not a food baby. I took three pregnancy tests today. I am definitely up the spout.LEAH How did you even generate enough pee for three pregnancy tests? JUNO I drank like ten tons of Sunny Delight. Anyway, yeah. I'm pregnant. And you're shockingly cavalier. LEAH Is this for real? Like for real, for real? JUNO Unfortunately, yes. LEAH Oh my God! Oh shit! Phuket Thailand! JUNO That's the kind of emotion I was looking for in the first take. LEAH Well, are you going to go to Havenbrooke or Women Now for the abortion? You need a note from your parents for Havenbroke. JUNO I know. Women Now, I guess. The commercial says they help women now. LEAH Want me to call for you? I called for Becky last year. JUNO Eh, I'll call them myself. But I do need your help with something very urgent. EXT. CENTENNIAL LANE - NIGHT Leah and Juno struggle to drag a recliner across a well manicured suburban lawn. They make a formidable team. LEAH Heavy lifting can only help you at this point.JUNO That is sick, man. Leah busts a gut laughing. It's a stunningly accurate portrayal of Bleeker's parents. LEAH So, you were bored? Is that how this blessed miracle came to be? JUNO Nah, it was a premeditated act. The sex, I mean, not getting pregnant. LEAH When did you decide you were going to do Bleeker? JUNO Like, a year ago, in Spanish class. INT. DANCING ELK SCHOOL - SPANISH CLASS - DAY - (FLASHBACK)19 Bleeker and Juno are sitting at their desks, listening to a teacher lecturing about spanish. Bleeker discreetly pushes a POSTCARD to Juno with his foot. She picks it up off the floor, reads it, then looks at Bleeker, who is watching the teacher obediently. EXT. CENTENNIAL LANE - NIGHT LEAH Aha! You love him. JUNO It's extremely complicated, and I'd rather not talk about it in my fragile state. She hefts a coffee table with her bare hands. She's wearing her father's LIFTING BELT. LEAH So, what was it like humping Bleeker's bony bod? JUNO It was magnificent, man!INT. BLEEKER'S BEDROOM - MORNING CU of Bleeker putting on double socks in his Car-Bed. CU of Bleeker putting on his sweat bands. CU of Bleeker applying Runner's Glide. INT. KITCHEN - BLEEKER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING CU of a CROISSANT POCKET warming in the microwave. EXT. BLEEKER HOUSE - MORNING PAUL BLEEKER steps onto the front porch of his house for early morning track practice. He wears a cross country uniform that reads "DANCING ELK CONDORS." He is eating some kind of microwaved snack gimmick. Bleeker is startled to discover that Juno is outside waiting for him. She has some how arranged the living room set on the front lawn, and is seated in the armchair, chewing a pipe officiously. JUNO Hey Bleek. BLEEKER Hey, cool tiger. Looks proud. JUNO Yeah, I swiped it from Ms. Rancick. BLEEKER Cool. JUNO Your shorts are looking especially gold today. BLEEKER My mom uses color-safe bleach.JUNO Go Carole. (a beat) So, guess what? BLEEKER (shrugs) I don't know... JUNO I'm pregnant. Stunned silence. Juno pops up the footrest of the recliner and leans back comfortably. BLEEKER I guess so. (fidgeting) What are you going to do? The Dancing Elk Prep cross country team runs past Bleeker's house in a thundering herd, wearing a motley assortment of warm-ups. Their momentum stirs the crackling fall leaves. They wave and holler at Bleeker and Juno. JUNO V.O. When I see them all running like that, with their things bouncing around in their shorts, I always picture them naked, even if I don't want to. I have intrusive thoughts all the time. EXT. BLEEKER HOUSE - BLEEKER I'm supposed to be running. JUNO I know. There's an awkward silence. BLEEKER So, what do you think we should do?JUNO I thought I might, you know, nip it in the bud before it gets worse. Because I heard in health class that pregnancy often results in an infant. BLEEKER Yeah, typically. That's what happens when our moms and teachers get pregnant. JUNO So that's cool with you, then? BLEEKER Yeah, wizard, I guess. I mean do what you think is right. JUNO I'm real sorry I had sex with you. I know it wasn't your idea. BLEEKER Whose idea was it? JUNO I'll see you at school, O.K.? She mounts her bicycle and waves before riding off. BLEEKER (to nobody in particular) Whose idea was it? EXT. DANCING ELK SCHOOL - DAY Juno pushes her crappy bike into the bike rack and winds a lock around it. In the background, a group of 3 NERDS play a live-action RPG. NERD You did not! You don't have the armor. That Orc Armor you bought from the wizard doesn't have the power level to parry my hit!INT. DANCING ELK SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY Juno tries to push through the masses, but the throng of students is thick and unwielding. INT. DANCING ELK SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY Juno rummages through her locker, which is plastered with photos of Leah and Bleeker, plus a giant poster of Iggy Pop in his heyday. She grabs a dilapidated physics textbook. A few pages slip out. STEVE RENDAZO (the same asshole who harassed her as she walked to the drugstore) passes by in the hallway. STEVE RENDAZO Hey, your book fell apart! JUNO Yeah. STEVE RENDAZO It must have looked at your face. PWAH! He high-fives his klatch of buddies and moves along. JUNO V.O. The funny thing is that Steve Rendazo secretly wants me. Jocks like him always want freaky girls. Girls with horn-rimmed glasses and vegan footwear and Goth makeup. Girls who play the cello and wear Converse AllStars and want to be children's librarians when they grow up. Oh yeah, jocks eat that shit up. We see Steve looking back at Juno for a brief second with mixed feelings. JUNO V.O. They won't admit it, because they're supposed to be into perfect cheerleaders like Leah. Who, incidentally, is into teachers. We see Leah at the far end of the hallway, talking animatedly with a paunchy middle-aged teacher, KEITH. LEAH (from a distance) Me too! I love Woody Allen! INT. DANCING ELK SCHOOL - SCIENCE LAB - DAY STUDENTS bustle in, as the teacher, MR. TINKER tries to maintain order. Juno heads toward her desk and sets down her bag. MR. TINKER People! We're doing our photomagnetism lab today, so find your partner and break out into fours. Juno looks up and meets eyes with her longtime lab partner: Bleeker. Sound the gong of awkwardness! Juno and Bleeker head separately over to an available lab station and unpack their bags in silence. JUNO Well! Nothing like experimenting. BLEEKER I did the prep questions for this lab last night. You can copy my answers if you need to. He slides a piece of graph paper in front of Juno without looking at her. JUNO Oh, I couldn't copy your work. BLEEKER But you copy my work every week. JUNO Oh yeah. I'm kind of a deadbeat lab partner, huh? BLEEKER I don't mind. You definitely bring something to the table. JUNO Charisma? BLEEKER Or something. The other two LAB PARTNERS, a humorless couple, join them at the station. JUNO So, who's ready for some photomagnificence? GIRL LAB PARTNER I have a menstrual migraine, and I can't look at bright lights today. GUY LAB PARTNER Amanda, I told you to go to the infirmary and lie down. You never listen. GIRL LAB PARTNER No Josh, I don't take orders. Not from you and not from any man. GUY LAB PARTNER You know, you've been acting like this ever since I went up to see my brother at Mankato. I told you, nothing happened! GIRL LAB PARTNER Something happened. Because your eyes? Are very cold? They're very cold, Josh. They're cold, lying eyes. GUY LAB PARTNER What? My eyes are not lying! GIRL LAB PARTNER Yes they are, Josh. Since Mankato, they have been lying eyes. Juno and Bleeker observe the argument like tennis spectators, fascinated by the dynamics of a real couple. BLEEKER Okay...I'm going to set up the apparatus. Juno, want to get a Cclamp out of that drawer? GIRL LAB PARTNER I'm going to the infirmary. GUY LAB PARTNER Good. Call me when you're OFF the rag. GIRL LAB PARTNER Fine. Call me when you learn how to love just one person and not cheat at your brother's college just because you had four Smirnoff Ices and a bottle of Snow Peak Peach flavored Boone's! GUY LAB PARTNER Good, I'll be sure to do that, Amanda. I'll make a note of it. He furiously scrawls a fake memo in his notebook. JUNO Snow Peak Peach is the best flavor of Boone's. Right, Bleek? Bleeker reddens and continues constructing the apparatus. GIRL LAB PARTNER stalks off dramatically. Bleeker shakes his head and rifles through his textbook. INT. MACGUFF HOUSE - JUNO'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON Juno examines a large ad in the newspaper that depicts a distraught TEEN GIRL clutching her head in a moment of staged conflict. The ad reads: "Pregnant? Find the clinic that gives women choice. Women's Choice Health Center." Juno picks up her hamburger phone and dials. For a moment, she attempts to copy the melodramatic pose from the ad, checking herself out in the mirror. JUNO (talking along with voice prompt) "Para instruciones en Espanol, oprima numero dos." She presses a few buttons in succession. JUNO Yes, hello, I need to procure a hasty abortion?...What was that? I'm sorry, I'm on my hamburger phone and it's kind of awkward to talk on. It's really more of a novelty than a functional appliance. She SMACKS the phone a couple of times. JUNO Better? Okay, good. Yeah, as I said, I need an abortion, two ...sixteen...Um, it was approximately two months and four days ago that I had the sex. That's a guestimate. Okay, next Saturday? Great. She hangs up the phone. JUNO V.O. I hate it when adults use the term "sexually active." INT. HEALTH CLASS - DAY (FLASHBACK) A HEALTH TEACHER in slo-mo puts a condom on a banana. JUNO V.O. (CONT'D) What does that even mean? Can I deactivate someday, or is this a permanent state of being? I guess Bleeker went live that night we did it. I guess he hadn't done it before, and that's why he got that look on his face. INT. BLEEKER'S HOUSE - MOLD-O'-RIFIC BASEMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) We see Paulie's face at the moment of his deflowering: he's comically wide-eyed with shock. INT. MACGUFF HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT Juno, her father MAC, her stepmother BREN, and LIBERTY BELL sit at a very typical kitchen table, eating dinner. MAC shovels food while chatting about his day. MAC You should have seen this octopus furnace. I had to get out my Hazmat suit just to get up in there... JUNO V.O. My dad used to be in the Army, but now he's just your average HVAC specialist. He and my mom got divorced when I was five. She lives on a Havasu reservation in Arizona... PHOTO: ARIZONA TRAILER PARK JUNO V.O. ... with her new husband and three replacement kids. Oh, and she inexplicably mails me a cactus every Valentine's Day. INT. MACGUFF HOUSE - JUNO'S BEDROOM - DAY PILE OF NEGLECTED CACTI festering in a corner of Juno's room. JUNO V.O. And I'm like, "Thanks a heap, Coyote Ugly. This cactus-gram stings even worse than your abandonment." INT. MACGUFF HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT BREN is cutting up LIBERTY'S food diligently. Her nails are brilliant, holding the silverware. JUNO V.O. That's my stepmom, Bren... INT. BREN'S WORKROOM - DAY Bren stitches a needlepoint pillow of a dog. JUNO V.O. She's obsessed with dogs... EXT. BREN'S TENS - DAY Bren's nail salon in all its glory. JUNO V.O. ... owns a nail salon called Bren's Tens... INT. BREN'S TENS - DAY Bren chats up a customer as she applies a fresh coat. JUNO V.O. (cont'd) JUNO V.O. ... and she always smells+ like methylmethacrylate. INT. MACGUFF HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT Liberty Bell coughs pitifully as Bren leans over her plate. MAC So Juno, how did your maneuver go last night? JUNO Which maneuver, sir? The one in which I moved an entire living room set from one lawn to another, or the one in which I cleared a sixty-four ounce blue slushie in ten minutes? Bren speaks in her strong city accent. BREN Juno? Did you happen to barf in my urn? Mac, you know that nice urn by the front door, the one I got up in Stillwater? I found some weird blue shit, I mean stuff, gunk, in there this morning. JUNO I would never barf in your urn, Brenda. Maybe L.B. did it. We see Liberty Bell blithely pouring bacon bits onto her dinner. MAC Liberty Bell, if I see one more Baco on that potato, I'm gonna kick your monkey ass. EXT. WOMEN'S CHOICE CLINIC - DAY Juno trudges toward the front entrance of the clinic. There is a lone ABORTION PROTESTER, a teenager of Asian descent holding a hugely oversized sign that reads "NO BABIES LIKE MURDERING." LONE PROTESTER (chanting in extremely shy, accented voice) All babies want to get borned! All babies want to get borned! Juno recognizes the PROTESTER as a classmate of hers. JUNO Uh, hi Su-Chin. SU-CHIN Oh, hi Juno. How are you? JUNO Good. I'm good. (pause) Did you finish that paper for Worth's class yet? SU-CHIN No, not yet. I tried to work on it a little last night, but I'm having trouble concentrating. JUNO You should try Adderall. SU-CHIN No thanks. I'm off pills. JUNO Wise move. I know this girl who had a huge crazy freakout because she took too many behavioral meds at once. She took off her clothes and jumped into the fountain at Ridgedale Mall and she was like, "Blaaaaah! I'm a kraken from the sea!" SU-CHIN I heard that was you. JUNO Well, it was nice seeing you. She continues on toward the clinic entrance. SU-CHIN (calling out) Juno! Juno stops in her tracks but doesn't bother to turn around. LONE PROTESTER (cont'd) SU-CHIN Your baby probably has a beating heart, you know. It can feel pain. And it has fingernails. JUNO Really? Fingernails? She considers the concept, then pushes open the clinic door. INT. WOMEN'S CHOICE CLINIC - RECEPTION - DAY The receptionist sits behind a pane of bulletproof glass. The waiting room is semi-crowded, occupied mostly by pregnant women, teens and ill-behaved children. PUNK RECEPTIONIST Welcome to Women's Choice, where women are trusted friends. Please put your hands where I can see them and surrender any bombs. Juno flashes her best jazz hands. JUNO Hi. I'm here for the big show? PUNK RECEPTIONIST Your name, please? JUNO Juno MacGuff. The receptionist raises a pierced eyebrow and arranges some paperwork on a clipboard. JUNO V.O. She thinks I'm using a fake name. Like Gene Simmons or Mother Teresa. The receptionist hands Juno the clipboard and a pen. PUNK RECEPTIONIST I need you to fill these out, both sides. And don't skip the hairy details. We need to know about every score and every sore. The receptionist reaches into one of those ubiquitous women's clinic CONDOM JARS, and holds up a fistful of purple rubbers. PUNK RECEPTIONIST Would you like some free condoms? They're boysenberry. JUNO No thank you. I'm off sex. PUNK RECEPTIONIST My partner uses the se every time we have intercourse. They make his balls smell like pie. JUNO Congrats. She takes a seat in the WAITING ROOM and rifles through a pile of old magazines. The magazine selection is lots of "mommy mags" and health related periodicals. She selects an issue of Family Digest and gingerly flips through for a few moments. Then she looks over and notices the FINGERNAILS of a nearby teen, who looks as nervous as she does. The girl bites her thumbnail and spits it onto the floor. Juno looks away, but immediately notices another waiting woman, who absently scratches her arm with long fake nails. Suddenly, she sees fingernails EVERYWHERE. The receptionist clicks her nails on the front desk. Another woman blows on her fresh manicure. Everyone seems to be fidgeting with their fingers somehow. Juno suddenly looks terror-stricken... CUT TO: PUNK RECEPTIONIST Excuse me, Miss MacGoof? There's no answer. We see that Juno's chair is EMPTY. The receptionist cranes her neck and sees the front door drift shut. Juno's figure recedes into the distance as she tears off down the street, running as fast as she can. EXT. LEAH'S HOUSE - DAY Leah's front door swings open to reveal a breathless Juno standing sheepishly on the porch. Leah sighs. LEAH What are you doing here, dumbass? I thought I was supposed to pick you up at four. JUNO I couldn't do it, Leah! It smelled like a dentist in there. They had these magazines, with, like, spritz cookie recipes and bad fiction and water stains, like someone read them in the tub. And the receptionist tried to give me these weird condoms that looked like grape suckers, and she told me about her boyfriend's pie balls, and Su-Chin Kuah was there, and she told me the baby had fingernails. Fingernails! LEAH Oh, gruesome. I wonder if the baby's claws could scratch your vag on the way out? JUNO I'm staying pregnant, Le. L EAH Keep your voice down dude, my mom's around here somewhere. She doesn't know we're sexually active. JUNO What does that even mean? Anyway, I got to thinking on the way over. I was thinking maybe I could give the baby to somebody who actually likes that kind of thing. You know, like a woman with a bum ovary or something. Or some nice lesbos. LEAH But then you'll get huge. Your chest is going to milktate. And you have to tell everyone you're pregnant. JUNO I know. Maybe they'll canonize me for being so selfless. LEAH Maybe they'll totally shit and be super mad at you and not let you graduate or go to Cabo San Lucas for spring break. JUNO Bleeker and I were going to go to Gettysburg for spring break. Leah sighs, as if there's no helping her nerdy friend. LEAH Well, maybe you could look at one of those adoption ads. I see them all the time in th e Penny Saver. JUNO There are ads? For parents? LEAH Oh yeah! "Desperately Seeking Spawn." They're right by the ads for like, iguanas and terriers and used fitness equipment. It's totally legit. JUNO Come on, Leah. I can't scope out wannabe parents in the Penny Saver! That's tacky. That's like buying clothes at the Pump n' Munch. EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY Juno and Leah are sitting at a bench in a park. They slurp giant blue slushies and sift through a pile of P enny Saver s. Juno has her pipe with her. JUNO The Penny Saver sucks. LEAH Yeah, but it sucks for free. They turn the pages in silence for a moment. Their lips and teeth are Windex-blue. LEAH Look at this one "Wholesome, spiritually healthy couple have found true love with each other." (checks to see that Juno is paying attention) "All that's missing is your bastard." JUNO (reading a different page) There's a guy in here who's giving away a piano . F r e e for the hauling! We should put it in Bleeker's yard. LEAH You're not listening to me. JUNO No, I heard you. I just can't give the baby to people who describe themselves as "wholesome." I'm looking for something a little edgier. LEAH What did you have in mind, a family of disturbed loners who are into gunplay and incest? JUNO I was thinking a graphic designer, mid-thirties, and his cool Asian wife who dresses awesome and play s b a s s . But I'm trying to not be too particular. LEAH All right, how about this one? "Healthy, educated couple seeking infant to join our family of five. You will be compensated. Help us complete the circle of love." JUNO Yeesh, they sound like a cult. Besides, they're greedy bitches. They already have three kids! LEAH Hey, Juno. Juno! Look at this one. She points to the paper and motions for Juno to look. Juno scans the ad silently. LE A H (c o nt 'd) We see the ad. It contains a photo of an attractive couple with ambiguous Mona Lisa smiles. It reads "Educated, successful couple wishes to..." JUNO V.O. They were Mark and Vanessa Loring, and they were beautiful even in black and white. EXT. BLEEKER HOUSE - PAULIE'S WINDOW - NIGHT We see Paulie's bedroom window-- festooned with childish curtains-- and the light on inside. INT. BLEEKER'S H OUSE - PAULIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT Bleeker lies on his Car-bed in his track uniform, listening to the same LP from when he and Juno went all the way. He stares between the pages of his embossed Dancing Elk Prep yearbook. We see the object of his gaze is Juno's black and white YEARBOOK PHOTO. Next to it, we see a sloppy, handwritten message from Juno. We hear Juno's voice reading the message: JUNO V.O. Hey Bleeker! Spank off to this with motion lotion. Just kidding (kind of.) Your best frien d, Juno. Bleeker picks up the phone. It's the same HAMBURGER PHONE Juno has. He reconsiders and puts it down. There's a knock on the bedroom door. BLEEKER'S MOM pokes her dowdy head inside. BLEEKER'S MOM Paul? Are you coming downstairs to eat? BLEEKER I don't think so. BLEEKER'S MOM You ran eight miles today, Puppy. BLEEKER I'm not hungry, oddly. BLEEKER'S MOM But it's breakfast for supper. Your favorite, Paulie. I made French toast and sausage. Patties, not linkies, just like you like it. Bleeker places his hand silently on his stomach. BLEEKER'S MOM Juno MacGuff called while you were out running. She wants to know if you're coming to her little coffeehouse performance on Saturday. BLEEKER Thanks for the message. BLEEKER'S MOM You know how I feel about her. BLEEKER You've mentioned it about fifty times. BLEEKER'S MOM I just hope you don't consider her a close friend. Bleeker's mom gives up and closes the door. We see that Bleeker is clutching a pair o f PANTIES in one hand, which he slowly releases as the ends. INT. MACGUFF HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON Bren and MAC are seated on the couch. Leah is standing nearby for reinforcements. Juno paces nervously, trying to suss out how to break the massive news. JUNO I have no idea how to spit this out. BREN Hon, did you get expelled? JUNO No. The school would probably contact you in the event of my expulsion. BREN Well, I was just asking. It seemed plausible. MAC Do you need a large sum of money? Legal counsel? JUNO No, no, I'm definitely not asking for anything. Except maybe mercy. Like, it would be really great if nobody hit me. MAC What have you done, Junebug? Did you hit someone with the Previa? LEAH Best to just tell them, man. Rip off the Band-Aid and let it bleed. JUNO I'm pregnant. Bren and Mac are predictably speechless. BREN Oh, God... JUNO But I'm going to give it up for adoption. I already found the perfect people. Leah presents the Penny Saver photos of the Lornings. JUNO (CONT'D) They say they're going to pay my medical expenses and everything. I promise this will all be resolved in thirty-odd weeks, and we can pretend it never happened. MAC You're pregnant? JUNO I'm so sorry, you guys. If it's any consolation, I have heartburn that's like, radiating down to my kneecaps and I haven't gone number two since Wednesday. Morning! BREN (interrupting) I didn't even know you were sexually active! Juno cringes upon hearing her most-hated term. MAC Who is the kid? JUNO The baby? I don't know anything about it yet. I only know it's got fingernails, allegedly. BREN Nails? Really? MAC No, I mean the father! Who's the father, Juno? JUNO Oh. It's, well, it's Paulie Bleeker. Bren and Mac burst into shocked laughter. JUNO What? MAC Paulie Bleeker? I didn't know he had it in him! BREN (giggling) He just doesn't look, well, virile. LEAH I know, right? MAC Okay, this is no laughing matter. JUNO (indignant) No, it's not. Paulie is virile, by the way. He was very good in...chair. Leah fires a be quiet glance at Juno. MAC Did you say you were thinking about adoption? JUNO Yeah, well, there's this couple who've been trying to have a baby for five years. LEAH We found them in the Penny Saver by the exotic birds section. Bren looks understandably alarmed. Juno hastily attempts to make the situation sound more legitimate. JUNO But they have a real lawyer and everything. I'm going to meet with them next weekend. BREN Junebug, that is a tough, tough thing to do. Probably tougher than you can understand right now. JUNO Well, I'm not ready to be a mom. MAC Damn skippy, you're not! You don't even remember to give Liberty Bell her breathing meds. JUNO Once! And she didn't die, if you recall! BR EN Honey, had you considered, you know, the alternative? Leah and Juno exchange glances. JUNO No. BREN Well, you're a brave young lady. You've made of stronger stuff than I thought. You're a little Viking! JUNO Cool it. BREN First things first, we have to get you healthy. You need prenatal vitamins. Incidentally, they'll do incredible things for your nails, so that's a plus. Oh, and we need to schedule a doctor's appointment. Find out where you're going to deliver. JUNO The term "deliver" is weird. Can we not say "deliver"? LEAH How does "crap it out" sound? MAC Juno, I want to come with you to meet these adoption people. You're just a kid. I don't want you to get ripped off by a couple of babystarved wingnuts. JUNO Sure, Dad. Mac nods, satisfied, then contemplates the situation dismally. MAC I thought you were the kind of girl who knew when to say when. JUNO I have no idea what kind of girl I am. BREN (sensing tension) Why don't you girls go upstairs for a while? I think Mac's gonna blow. Juno and Leah hightail it upstairs. MAC Just tell it to me straight, Bren. Do you think this is my fault? Her mother's fault? BREN I think kids get bored and have intercourse. And I think Junebug was a dummy about it. But we have to move on from here and help her figure it out. MAC I'm not ready to be a Pop-Pop. BREN You're not going to be a Pop-Pop. And Juno's not going to be a ma. Somebody else is going to find a precious blessing from Jesus in this garbage dump of a situation. I friggin' hope. MAC (conspiratorially) Did you see it coming when she sat us down here? BREN Oh God yeah. But I was hoping she was expelled or into hard drugs. MAC That was my first instinct too. Or D.W.I. Anything but this. And I'm going to punch that Bleeker kid in the weiner the next time I see him. BREN Oh Mac, no! He's a sweet kid. You know it wasn't his idea. Mac shrugs in agreement. INT. LORING HOUSE - DAY Music plays as we see SPARSE IMAGES OF VANESSA LORING'S HANDS preparing the house for Juno's arrival - Sprucing a vase of FLOWERS. Straightening a FRAMED PHOTO of the Lorings. Dusting off a table with one of those WETNAPS for furniture. Lining up a shelf of BOOKS. EXT. LORING NEIGHBORHOOD - PREVIA - DAY The Previa cruises slowly into the Loring's fancy gated community. Mac pulls over and parks on the curb. EXT. LORING HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY Mark and Vanessa Loring have an impressive, though generic McMansion. The entire yard is unlandscaped soil. Mac presses the doorbell while Juno chews her nails uncomfortably. Both look mortified as they wait for someone to greet them. VANESSA opens the door. She's a pretty, meticulous woman in her early thirties. Very Banana Republic. VANESSA Hi! I'm Vanessa. You must be Juno and Mr. MacGuff. I'm Vanessa. JUNO Vanessa, right? MAC Hello. Thank you for having me and my irresponsible child over to your home. VANESSA Oh no. Thank you. Come on in. INT. LORING HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY Vanessa awkwardly leads them into her home. VANESSA Can I take your coats? JUNO Sure. She takes off her hooded sweatshirt and thrusts it into Vanessa's arms who sets it on a bench. JUNO Wicked pic in the Penny Saver, by the way. Super classy. Not like those other people with the fake woods in the background. Like I'm really going to fall for that, you know? VANESSA You found us in the Penny Saver? MARK LORING appears next to Vanessa. He's a boyishly attractive guy in his mid-thirties. He glances sheepishly at Vanessa sitting in the couch with a briefcase in her lap. MARK This is our attorney, Gerta Rauss. JUNO (in exaggerated, growling German accent)) Geeeerta Rauuuss! GERTA (straight) Nice to meet you. Mac seizes Mark's hand and pumps it heartily. MAC I'm Mac MacGuff, and this, of course, is my daughter Juno. MARK Like the city in Alaska? JUNO No. MARK Cool. Well, let's sit down and get to know each other a bit. VANESSA I'll get drinks. What would everyone like? I've got Pellegrino, Vitamin Water... JUNO A Maker's Mark, please. Up. MAC She's joking. Junebug has a wonderful sense of humor, which is just one of her many genetic gifts. JUNO I also have good teeth. No cavities. We finally got fluoridated water in Dancing Elk. She bares them frighteningly to demonstrate. Vanessa stares, unflappable. MAC We're fine, thank you. Mac and Juno join Mark and Gerta Rauss on the couch. GERTA So, Juno. First off, how far along are you? JUNO I'm a junior. GERTA No, I mean in your pregnancy. JUNO Oh. Uh, my stepmom took me to the doctor yesterday and they said I was twelve weeks. Vanessa enters with the refreshments on a tray. VANESSA Oh, that's marvelous. So you're almost into your second trimester, then? JUNO Yeah, apparently. I'm having it on May VANESSA The tough part's almost over for you. I mean, my girlfriends always tell me the first couple months are the hardest. JUNO Yeah, but I hardly noticed it. I'm more worried about the part where I have to start wearing jeans with an elastic panel in the front. VANESSA I think pregnancy is beautiful. JUNO Well, you're lucky it's not you. Vanessa's looks to the ceiling. MARK (clearing throat) So, let's discuss how we're gonna do this...thing. JUNO Well, I just have the baby and give it to you, right? GERTA Mark and Vanessa are willing to negotiate an open adoption. MAC (protective) Wait. What does that mean? GERTA It means they'd send annual updates, photos, let Juno know how the baby is doing as he or she grows up. Of course, Juno's legal rights would be terminated... JUNO Whoah. I don't want to see pictures. I don't need to be notified of anything. Can't we just kick it old school? I could just put the baby in a basket and send it your way. You know, like Moses in the reeds. MARK Technically, that would be kickin' it Old Testament. Mark and Juno lock eyes. JUNO Yeah. Yeah! The way people used to do it. Quick and dirty, like ripping off a Band-Aid. GERTA Well, then we agree a traditional closed adoption would be best for all involved, then? JUNO Shit, yeah. Close it up. Vanessa is clearly ecstatic. MARK Obviously, we'll compensate you for your medical expenses. VANESSA Are you looking for any other compensation? MAC Excuse me? JUNO Well, no...I'm not going to sell the baby. I just want it to grow up with people who are ready to love it and be parents. I'm in high school, dude. I'm ill-equipped. VANESSA You're doing an amazing and selfless thing for us. MARK Vanessa has wanted a baby since we got married. VANESSA I want to be a mommy so badly! Juno and Mac stare at her. MAC You don't say. VANESSA Well, haven't you ever felt like you were born to do something? MAC Yes. Heating and air conditioning. VANESSA Well, I was born to be a mother. Some of us are. JUNO Mark, are you looking forward to being a dad? Mark is caught off guard. MARK Sure, why not? I mean, every guy wants to be a father. Coach soccer, help with science projects and...I don't know. Fatherly stuff. Mac casts a subtle, dubious glance at Mark. VANESSA Well, shall we start looking over the paperwork? Gerta has already drafted some preliminary documents. JUNO Can I use the facilities first? Being pregnant makes you pee like Seabiscuit. VANESSA Sure. The powder room down here is being re-tiled, but you can use the master bath upstairs. Go up, then turn left and on your right... JUNO Room with a toilet, got it. INT. LORING HOUSE - ENTRY/STAIRS - DAY Juno heads into the foyer and up the stairs. We see a posed photo of Mark and Vanessa in the stairwell. Their house is beautiful, but frigid. Juno rubs her arms, shivering. INT. LORING HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY The Loring's bathroom is huge. Juno flushes and goes to the double sink to wash her hands. She opens the overhead cabinet and sees Vanessa's toiletries. She spritzes on some perfume and examines the more expensive grooming items. There's a crinkled tube of LUBE in the cabinet. Juno picks it up, fascinated. She rubs a drop of it between her hands and runs it through her hair like pomade. INT. LORING HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY Juno opens the bathroom door and instantly BUMPS into Mark. JUNO Whoops! Yikes, I didn't expect to see you up here. MARK Sorry. I was just getting something. JUNO Did your wife send you up here to spy on me? MARK What? No! Do we come off like paranoid yuppies or something? JUNO Well, you don't just invite a random pregnant teenager into your house and leave her unsupervised. I could be a total klepto, for all you know. MARK I don't get a kleptо vibe from you. Evil genius? Maybe. Arsonist? Wouldn't rule it out. JUNO I did steal a squirt of perfume. What do you think? It's Clinique Happy. She holds her WRIST up to Mark's twitching nostrils. JUNO (CONT'D) Smell those sparkling topnotes! Mark inhales. MARK Am I supposed to feel happy now? JUNO You should be happy, Holmes. I'm giving you and Vanessa the gift of life. Sweet, screaming, pooping life! And you don't even have to be there when the baby comes out of me all covered in... MARK Viscera? JUNO Blood and guts. MARK We'd better get back downstairs ASAP. Juno mocks his use of "ASAP" silently. JUNO (hating) Wait a minute. Is that a Les Paul? Juno is staring into a room with the door slightly ajar. We see GUITARS mounted on the wall, and the edges of posters. MARK Oh. That's, uh, my room. Vanessa lets me have a room for all my old stuff. JUNO Wow, you get a whole room in your own house? She's got you on a long leash there, Mark. MARK Shut up. INT. LORING HOUSE - MARK'S "SPECIAL" ROOM - DAY The walls are plastered with FRAMED POSTERS of early-90s alt rock bands. (Mudhoney, Jane's Addiction etc.) Mark removes his LES PAUL from its moorings and hands it to Juno. JUNO It's beautiful. I've always liked Gibson better than Fender. MARK What do you play? JUNO I rock a Harmony. MARK (holding back a chuckle) Oh. JUNO What? I'm a pawn shop rocker. MARK Sorry. I swear I'm not a gear snob. Juno turns the guitar over, examining it closely. JUNO What is that, Mahogany? What happens if you crack the neck? MARK Tell me about it. I used to play in a really tight band back when I lived in Chicago, and one night we opened for the Melvins... do you know who the

e's hormonal. Right. Juney? It's just part of the whole process. Vanessa looks at Juno's expression and knows MARK is lying. VANESSA (you've been thinking?) What? MARK (CONT'D) Just thinking of this is really the right thing for us. VANESSA What are you relenting to? She knows exactly to what he's referring. MARK I've been just wondering if we're not know, ready. VANESSA Of course we're ready. MARK We're taken all our classes. The nursery. The books – MARK I know we're prepared. I just don't want it. I'm ready. Juno's face continues to fall. Vanessa notices. VANESSA (to Juno) Maybe it's time to take one last look at the nursery. Juno ain't buying it. VANESSA (CONT'D) (to Mark) Why don't we let Juno go home and think about it. Okay? MARK It all feels important. I thought it would be a name we have agreed on by now. VANESSA Maybe we can say no. Juno's offended. VANESSA What are you saying? A ridiculous name. MARK Vanessa's little niece is dying. Another tribulous death. MARK It just feels like one more blow. VANESSA Juno's offended. VANESSA What are you saying? A ridiculous name. MARK Vanessa's little niece is dying. Another tribulous death. MARK It just feels like one more blow. VANESSA Juno's offended. VANESSA What are you saying? A ridiculous name. MARK Vanessa's home

s of rage. You want more fans, I want more stage. I don't see what anyone can see, in anyone else but you. JUNO You are always trying to keep it real. I'm in love with how you feel. I don't see what anyone can see, in anyone else but you. BLEEKER I kiss you on the brain in the shadow of a train. I kiss you all starryeyed, my body's swinging from side to side. I don't see what anyone can see, in anyone else but you. JUNO The pebbles forgive me, the trees forgive me. So why can't you forgive me? I don't see what any one can see, in anyone else but you. JUNO AND BLEEKER TOGETHER Du du du du du dudu. Du du du du du dudu. I don't see what anyone can see, in anyone else but you. She and Bleeker exchange glances as they play. They smile ambiguously. Juno leans over and kisses Bleeker on the cheek. Pull out to reveal the surrounding green suburb buzzing with life and summer activity. FADE TO BLACK - END